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THE CHRONICLE

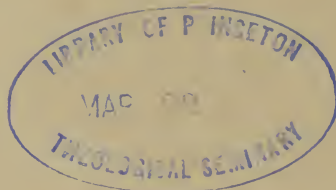
OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY



1914

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THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society.

Editor: BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

Christmas and the War

The Carol between the Trenches

IT was Christmas Eve in 1870, when French and Germans lay encamped one against the other in the fiercest campaign of the Franco-Prussian War.

On the night preceding December 25, 1870, as the captain in command of a company of volunteers engaged in the defence of Paris was walking about, the cold biting bitterly, one of the men came up to him, and saluting, said: "Captain, I want you to permit me for a little while to leave the trenches."

"Impossible!" said the captain. "You want to go to Paris?"

"No, not to Paris," said he, smiling; "but in that direction," pointing towards the Germans.

He had aroused the captain's curiosity, who granted him permission, but warned him that he would most probably get killed.

"No fear," he said, and leaping out of the trenches, he walked into the plain.

"We followed him with our eyes," says the captain in narrating the story, "listening for the sharp crack of the enemy's rifles, and expecting at every step to see him fall. Not a sound save the crunching of the frozen snow beneath his feet! As soon as he had come within hearing of the German sentinels he paused, saluted, and began to sing the well-known Christmas carol with the refrain—

"'Noël! Noël! Born is the King of Israel!'

"HE PAUSED, SALUTED, AND BEGAN TO SING: 'NOËL!
NOËL! BORN IS THE KING OF ISRAEL!'"

DECEMBER 1914

"It was so unexpected, and so simply done, the strain took from the night, the scene, the circumstances such a beauty and sublimity, that the least religious of us hung upon his lips, and the hardest-hearted in our trench was moved.

"The Germans neither spoke nor stirred. As soon as X—— had done his hymn, he gave another military salute, turned on his heel, and deliberately walked back to our line.

"Well, captain,' said he, 'are you sorry that you gave me leave?'

"Before I could reply a soldier had begun to move across the snow from the opposite camp. He, like X——, saluted, and between the companies of armed men he sang a lovely German version of the 'Noël, Noël' that the French recruit had sung. I gave orders, though they were superfluous, not to fire on him. He sang the hymn through, verse by verse, and when he came to the refrain the soldiers in both camps joined in the chorus:

"Noël! Noël! Christ hath ransomed Israel!"

"The same emotion filled all hearts. All diversities and enmities had been forgotten in the presence of the Prince of Peace. The soldier then departed to the German lines and disappeared. A few hours later we began to fire again."

To-day, forty-four years later, with Christmas again upon us, French and Germans face one another in trenches that stretch—like the arms of a cross—athwart Europe.

What is in the minds of those men? Every passion known to men. But among them—as Dr. Mott told us in November when he reached London from Berlin and Paris—there are hundreds of members of the German and French Student Christian Movements. These men day by day in the trenches—sometimes in groups—are joining in their Bible study. The secretaries of the Student Movement in Berlin are busy day and night writing to the men at the front, trying to inspire each one—not only to be true to his Christian faith, but to become a centre of evangelisation among his fellow-soldiers.

There is evidence on every hand that

thousands of young men—British, German, and French—are reading their Testaments in the shrapnel-spattered trenches where they are in far more intimate and real touch than even we at the home base with those things which belong to Christ—fellowship in suffering, joy in comradeship, passionate devotion to a common cause—above all, redemption of life through sacrifice. These things are in their midst every day in stark, grim, but radiant simplicity and reality.

We cannot doubt that as Christmas Eve comes to these men this year on the field, such incidents as this story of the carol between the trenches will again declare visibly the truce of Christmas. But these men of the different nationalities who study the Gospel of Christ in the trenches stand also for a far greater thing—they stand for the possible foundation of a new reconciliation of the races and nations, a reconciliation and a unity which may be remote, but which may seem more remote than it is; and which is surely the one goal which alone can make the new world into a new heaven. They stand, that is, not for a truce of Christmas simply, but for the sure hope of the everlasting Kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

The flame of hate between the peoples taking part in this war can be changed to a flame of sympathy.

On the banks of the Aisne, in October, an exalted personage found two large mounds covering the German slain, with wreaths of flowers laid on them. The first bore the inscription:

"Offered by the women of France to the German soldiers, our brothers in Jesus Christ."

A second inscription read:

"For the German soldiers, our brothers in Jesus, dead far from their country, wept by their families; we pray for them."

A wounded German soldier lay dying a few weeks ago in a London hospital. An English minister visited and talked to him again and again. When the time for the last farewells came to be said the German turned to the Englishman and said, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; sick, and ye visited me,"—and so passed into the Beyond.

It was thus in Jesus that the French woman and the British pastor found their

brotherhood with the German soldier. In Him there is no German nor French, no Russian nor Turk, no Briton nor Boer, Chinese nor Indian nor Negro; but His one body now broken by the spear, to come forth in glorious resurrection.

Nor is it too early even now (as Lord Bryce assured us in November) to lay down the principles of righteous reconciliation. To us certainly at home the story of that adventurous young soldier taking his life in his hands to sing his Carol of Peace between the hostile trenches, and to join in chorus with his enemies in praise of the Christ Child, is vibrant with a note which God sounds to-day—a note on hearing which we shall either train, equip, and mobilise our Christianity, personal and corporate, for the campaign of peace, or shall deservedly cease to exist.

The world is in a fiery crucible. The world that we knew in July has already been broken up and melted down. The old maps are waste-paper—not only the maps of the earth's surface, but the maps of humanity, the maps of their national and social divisions, the charts of the deeps and shoals of our real religious life. History will reckon a new epoch from 1914—thrones, democracies, social foundations, national churches, religious faith—all will be different. The old things have passed away—behold—what? Who will make “all things new”—Christ's God or Krupp's?

It will certainly be a new earth. But on the earth are we to have a new hell or a new heaven? No one alive has had to face an issue so vital as that is to-day. And no one can escape either the question or responsibility for a share in the answer. God sets the war like a bugle to His lips to raise the very dead among us from their spiritual graves, to leap forward enlisted for His Kingdom of Peace, for conflict against “principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places.”

This European War, even though it is fought to a finish, and whatever be the military result, cannot, of itself, end war. There are a thousand reasons why this is so. But one severely practical reason will suffice. Plans for a kind of Krupp or Armstrong armament factory for Peking already exist. The Chinese are the greatest nation numerically in the

world—a people careless of death, hardy, ingenious, determined, practical, capable of great exertion on little sustenance, and with the largest iron and coal fields on earth. Some of their leaders already dream of Dreadnoughts and army corps. It would not be the fault of Western civilisation if they did not! The whole problem of the power in the Pacific may thus issue in an Armageddon of warfare that would dwarf even this gargantuan conflict.

You cannot make a final peace without Asia.

Our mission must either be a world-mission or a tragic farce. Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem to save the world; God the Father gave His only-begotten Son to bring all men and all life in all its myriad relationships under His absolute dominion.

We can trust Him to accomplish all that through us, or we can trust Him for nothing.

This is a time for large views, great courage, utter sacrifice, and an absolute faith in the power of Christ to “make all things new.”

His blessing was spoken not to peacelovers, but to the peacemakers. We have so frequently construed peace and its pursuit in terms of negation—the absence of war, the presence of mere quietness and prosperity. But the price of peace is an eternal war against spiritual wickedness in every place, high and low. And peace itself is a thing virile, heroic, aggressive, driving out of this world, in the power of Christ, the legion demoniac powers of darkness which wander madly among the tombs of paganism.

The spirit that will do so great a thing greatly is precisely that spirit which led the stricken women of France to lay the wreath of sympathy on the graves of their enemies, and prompted the French soldier, taking his life in his hands, to do the small act of carol-singing greatly.

It is the spirit born with Jesus Christ and born of Him, the spirit that bids us, even in time of war, to hail the birth of Him who came to bring “peace on earth.” The love which overcomes the world is still revealed in sacrifice, in the path of Him who, “through death,” destroys “him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.”

The War in our Fields

Kuruman Looted



KURUMAN MISSION STATION, WHICH HAS BEEN LOOTED BY THE REBELS

Robert Moffat's home for fifty years, and Mrs. Livingstone's home as a girl

Rebels at Kuruman

THE forces under the rebel leader, General Beyers, in the Western Transvaal have been scattered. This is a matter for thankfulness, when it is remembered that from the stoep of Tiger Kloof the rolling veldt of the Western Transvaal can be seen, and as the buildings there are of a more permanent character than any other buildings in that part of South Africa and command the railway and might have been of considerable strategical importance in case of serious fighting, it is a great relief to know that for the present at any rate the rebellion in that locality has been suppressed.

A cablegram received at the offices of the London Missionary Society on November 11 from the Rev. J. Tom Brown, one of the Society's missionaries in Bechuanaland, states that the mission station where he works—Kuruman—has been taken by the rebels and looted. No lives have been lost.

Kuruman is one of the best-known mission stations in the world. It was the centre of the great missionary work of Robert Moffat in South Africa, who founded this station in 1818; the starting-point of Livingstone's northward exploration, and

the place where he met and married Mary Moffat. Kuruman is now the centre of active church life, and in the district three Anglo-vernacular schools are run by the London Missionary Society.

The rebels, who were reported earlier in the week as coming down the Great Harts River, have obviously struck across the railway due west through Kuruman on their way to German West Africa.

The site when first entered upon by Moffat was practically desert, but by ingenious engineering work the waters of a powerful perennial spring were led through the mission grounds, which were thus developed into fruitful gardens.

Friendly Rule in Madagascar

The hopes which have been formed that one result of the war would be the more friendly relations between the French Administration and the British missionaries in Madagascar are in course of being realised. It will be remembered that two years ago the Government tried hard to suppress the half-yearly meetings of the Isan-Enim-Bolana on the ground that it was an illegal association. This autumn a deputation of missionaries waited upon the Administrator to obtain the views of the Government as to holding the

gathering of this great organisation, which is a kind of blend of the National Free Church Council, the Congregational Union, and the Church Congress. The Government strongly encouraged the missionaries to hold the gatherings, and begged them not to interfere in the slightest degree with the usual programme, and the meetings have been held accordingly.

Tommies and Petals

Miss Marris of Benares says: "The Royal Scots left on Sunday morning, 6.40. They had a splendid send-off—station decorated—Chattrya boys with flags, also Government School boys and lots of ours—tea, buns, cigarettes, papers for the journey. The boys had baskets of flower petals which they threw into the carriages and over the Tommies as they started. 'Hallo, what's all this?' said one man. 'It's for good luck, you must take it; it's the best they can do for you'—so the Tommies became affable and went off covered with rose-coloured balsam petals. I was very glad to see the expression of India's feeling; quite a number of the city magnates were there with presents and garlands."

Help to Germans in China

One of our missionaries in Central China writes as follows: "The poor German missionaries are already feeling the pinch badly. An International Missionary Emergency Fund has been started which is to help them and any other missions that may be in special straits as far as it is possible to do so. There have been collections in several places.



Thanks be to God!

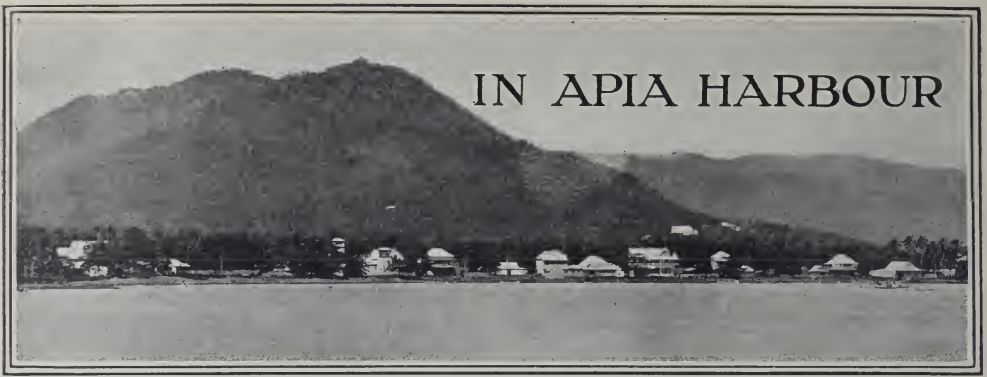
IT is with a sense of great thanksgiving that we record the magnificent response of our friends to the Society's need in a time of war as revealed in the financial returns up to the end of October. The improvement over last year which we noted in September is well maintained, and the Society is about £1,200 to the good when compared with last year up to the same date. It is quite true that this position needs to be still further improved upon if the Society is to realise before the close of its financial year the further advance of £10,000 in income which the Directors felt justified in anticipating when considering the budget at their June meeting. War has, however, intervened since that time, and not a few

At the church here last Sunday over two thousand dollars Mexican were contributed by people of all nationalities. This first lot will go to the German missions to help them over their present crisis. When so many are being ruined through the war at home it is only right that we should be prepared to go short too out here, and so take our share of the burden that our countries are bearing. We do not want to see the work suffer though. Still it may be God's way of teaching the native churches to trust in Him and not in the foreigner. It is still true that all things work together for good to them that love Him."

The Paris Missionary Society and the War

Serious as has been the effects of the war upon the L.M.S., those effects are as nothing compared with the suffering which has been inflicted upon the Paris Missionary Society. The missionaries of the Society of military age have been called back to France, and many of them are now at the front. One of them, M. Frank Escande, a promising young missionary from Barotseland, has been killed in defending a bridge. He was the only son of M. and Mme. Escande, of the Paris Society's staff in Madagascar. Another Madagascar missionary, M. Delord, has also lost a son, a young student of the Sarbonne of great promise. M. Daniel Couve, the Assistant Director of the Paris Society, who was one of the Deputation in Madagascar last year, has been rendering valiant service in charge of a Red Cross train, and, fortunately, has been preserved in safety.

of the bravest hearts amongst us feared something akin to disaster. The depth of the love and interest which has been revealed in the financial support which has been rendered to the Society, oftentimes at great personal sacrifice, brings to us an assurance in regard to our work abroad, and to the devotion of our churches at home, which throws a great light over the future as well as the present. May it be that in ways we did not even dream of God is going to reveal the true way of approach to His people with the missionary appeal. If in a time of affliction and strain and poverty the Society can hear and respond to the call to go forward, surely the outlook for the Kingdom is bright indeed.



IN APIA HARBOUR

The annexation of Samoa on August 30 very closely affects the future prosperity of the Society's historic mission which was begun there in 1830 by John Williams.

Our German Workers in Samoa

MR. MÜLLER, the German missionary appointed by the Society to Samoa, who left in July, after having been detained in Sydney as a German subject, has been allowed to proceed to Apia. The sympathy of friends of the Society will go out to the German missionaries on our staff there in the changed conditions now prevailing. They will be in a somewhat anomalous position between their loyalty to the Society and their loyalty to their Fatherland, but they and all our missionaries in Samoa will recognise that the foreign missionary enterprise knows no national frontiers.

The German Governor

It is due to Governor Schultz that it should be set down that he showed the utmost consideration for every one here. Popular with Germans and others alike, he has left an excellent impression behind him, and many of us are sorry that he has left. He has gone away as a prisoner of war, but he will be remembered here for his uniform kindness and courtesy to all, and especially will the natives miss him.

From *The Sydney Morning Herald*.

“War is not proper Christian”

Mrs. F. W. Walker, of Badu, Torres Straits, wrote on August 7: “The pearling fleets

have all to lay up, and there is danger of a panic among the Papuan crews, who say they would like to help in any fighting if they had weapons, but how can they ‘when they have nothing in their hands’! They are therefore to be sent off at once and paid off until better times arrive.

“We are all well and peaceful here, and as we have heard no firing from the direction of Thursday Island, we believe all is well there too, and that the fear of attack is at an end; the Japanese warships which are coming to guard us must be very near now.

“I brought over samples of unbleached calico bandages, triangular and square, and of mosquito-net covers for feeding-cups, basins, and trays, and the idea of making them for the hospital was taken up enthusiastically by both the Badu and Adam councillors and others. Seventy-nine yards of calico was taken for the Badu women to make up . . . and only one less than twelve dozen bandages were made between 10 a.m. yesterday and last night by nine women on their machines. The covers take more time, for old nets have to be collected and boiled, etc., shells collected and pierced ready to be sewn on to weight down the edges, as well as the cutting out and making. The children have begun to collect shells. I feel quite proud of our Badu people, as we tell them the war is not ‘proper Christian,’ but the care of the wounded is.”

Saved from the Ruga-Ruga

A Story of the War in Central Africa



"THE RUTHLESS RUGA-RUGA WARRIORS"



A WAR MASK

"WE have received no news at all of events from any of the officials at Abercorn," writes Mr. W. Freshwater, from Kambole, Central Africa, September 16, 1914. "We have had to trust entirely to native report, which is not always

correct. However, as our fellow-countrymen at Abercorn are breathing a little more freely, the postmaster yesterday sent a friendly note.

"In it he told of their repulsing the second attack of the Germans with reinforcements at Abercorn.

"The German commandant, when within about six miles of Karonga, sent word to remove all the whites, as his soldiers would come and massacre all. There have been Christian men praying in the territories of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, as well as those who have taken the sword. They were repulsed after a hot contest, and, as at Abercorn, they have retreated into their own territory again. They lost 7 officers and 63 native soldiers, all killed, and we took two field guns and, I think, two

maxims. We are sorry to hear, however, that it has cost us the lives of 5 of our fellow-countrymen, including Colonel F. Manning, who was in command of the forces. We lost also a few native soldiers, but not many, I think. We now trust that this interval of peace may be permanent.

"We think that the Germans will not be able to rally again, as their number of white men available is limited, and we suppose that their fellows will have all that they can do to meet our troops on the north, and those coming in from Dar-es-salaam, where we understand 4,000 or 5,000 Indian troops have been landed. We expect that now from north, south, and east our troops will enter their territory, and press towards Tabora. Belgian troops are somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kambole on their way to reinforce Abercorn.

"Our prayer for divine intervention that the ruthless Ruga-Ruga warriors might be prevented from being let loose in this territory and in Nyasaland has been most graciously answered. The postmaster tells us that they committed several murders near Abercorn, but he thinks the day of reckoning will come for them. Fwambo's son and another were murdered, we hear. Also an old Kambole shop boy who, alas! went astray, is reported to have been murdered by a German."

The Mission Field where Christ was born

Christian Missions in Syria

By
Allan Gaunt

WE had not gone to Syria with the idea of studying foreign missions. Our plan was to ride down the country from Beirut,

By the entrance of Turkey into the war the scenes of our Lord's birth and youth and ministry have been drawn into the area of conflict. All the work described by Mr. Gaunt is vitally affected by the war.

brothers had been members of the college, and it was a lasting regret to him that he had not been able to join them. We began to feel proud that its president was, like our-



Photo by

MARY'S WELL AT NAZARETH

[Basil Mathews

with our attention primarily on the historical geography of the Holy Land, and we had not realised the extent to which Syria is also a modern missionary "field." Thus it happened that our contact with mission work was determined simply by the adventures of travel or by the links of personal friendship, and we approached it with an open mind, as explorers, say in Central Asia, might discover some new religion.

Rumours of it had come to us by the way. We had met a young Mohammedan Syrian on the Russian boat by which we travelled to Beirut. He was loud in his praises of the Syrian Protestant College there; his two

elves, an old Mansfield man, and that we were to call on him next day. His name acted as a talisman at the hotel where we put up on our arrival, and the same evening found us making our way, with cheerful directions from small boys and tram conductors, to the college.

Our first impression was one of delighted wonder at the magnificence of its situation, its fair gardens sloping down towards the sea, its view of the bay, the dark mountains, and the snowy summits of Lebanon. A closer introduction to the college showed that its inward magnificence corresponded to the outer. We saw the splendidly equipped

buildings; we attended afternoon "chapel," where a thousand students, many of them members of the Latin and Greek churches, many of them Mohammedans, joined in singing "Our God, our help in ages past"—and passed out of the chapel to the football ground, where the inter-house final of the Association cup-tie was being played. And before we left we were convinced of the truth of the president's words, that the Christian influence of the college, all the more potent because indirect, on the new generation of Syria and of the East was "incalculable."

The next day we rode out to a very different scene. Two thousand feet up the mountain-side, among pinewoods and heather, is the village of Brummana, where the Society of Friends has a hospital, and schools for boys and girls. The Quaker spirit finds a fit home there among the great hills, in the "ordered" and comely life, the clean little hospital and schools, the rare enthusiasm of the workers. Even the bright boy—a Druse—who acted as our guide to some local antiquities, seemed to have caught the quiet, happy spirit of the place.

The same impression followed us in our journeyings through the Lebanon. At Sidon we found a welcome, none the less warm because we came quite unexpectedly, at the American school for boys, where the staff of native teachers shared with us bed and board. They gave us an introduction which was destined to afford us, the next night, our most intimate glimpse of a native Christian home. Deir Mimas is a village perched like an eyrie on the mountain-side above the romantic gorge of the Litany. Its population is entirely Christian—half Greek, a quarter Latin, a quarter Protestant (here in the Lebanon Christianity is an indigenous growth, though often in a debased form; the Protestants, of course, are due to recent and widespread movements). Our letter was to the Protestant schoolmaster, a former pupil of the Sidon school. Our reception was such as we might have found if we had been planned to preach in some village among the Yorkshire dales—and to the initiated that is sufficient indication of its hospitality. The old father and mother, though they could converse but little, beamed with kindness. In the evening the population of the village came in to inspect and welcome the strangers—among them a returned emigrant from Springfield, Illinois, who spoke English with a strong accent. If Christianity is to be judged by its fruits, then the Protestant communities in the Lebanon may rank high among the churches of Christ.

It was with regret that we left the high mountains, and passed into regions where

the Crescent forbids all preaching of the Cross. In Palestine mission work is necessarily limited to indirect methods, educational and medical. But we shall not soon forget the "Beloved Physician" of Tiberias, and the crowds of maimed and halt and sick that throng his gates "from Galilee and Decapolis and Judæa and beyond Jordan." Nor shall we forget the little American lady at Safed, who spends months of each year alone among the Mohammedan women of the far Hauran, and who so hospitably entertained two disreputable vagabonds who arrived late one Sunday night at her bungalow.

Missions are greatly in evidence at Nazareth—perhaps too much so; we felt that the quiet village among the grey limestone fells had been a little "spoilt by kindness," and we were told that its people acted up to the tourists' expectations of them—well, a little too professionally. But we were again impressed by the medical work there and its widespread influence over all Galilee.

Two other missions should not go unmentioned—the Friends' School at Ram Allah, ten miles north of Jerusalem, companion to the one at Brummana—the former being conducted by American, the latter by English workers. It was a fitting preparation for our first approach to Jerusalem, that Sunday morning service in the little meeting-house, among the school children—bright as wild roses from the hedgerow, with their dark faces and crimson shawls. In Jerusalem we were disappointed of our introduction to the C.M.S.—the agents there were busy with a bazaar and had no time to spare for tourists. But at Hebron we found the Edinburgh Medical Mission, in the form of one of its most stalwart representatives—a man who, in the most fanatical of Mohammedan towns, has won universal respect by the force of his personality (and, be it said, of his strong right arm), and is the unofficial judge and arbitrator of that turbulent country-side.

We could speak of other experiences; of the Latin priest at Medeba "beyond Jordan" in the plains of Moab, and the apostolic dignity and beauty of his ministry among the Bedouin; and of the Cistercian monastery at Latron, near Emmaus, where the contemplative life is combined with the industrial development of the district, and where we stayed in the neatest and simplest of guest-rooms. We found in many places, where we had not looked for it, the presence of Christian missions like springs of water in a dry place, and we felt that, once the blighting spirit of Ottoman misrule is taken away, the Holy Land may still be the Land of the Kingdom.

The Secret Disciple

For obvious reasons we cannot name the author and locality of this true account of happenings at an L.M.S. station.

"I ALMOST feel as if it was a wicked thing to become a Christian." The speaker was a young relative of mine who had just started mission work. It was her first Christmas in India, and we were spending it together.

Whilst she was with us a young caste woman came to us asking for baptism, and it was after the usual trying interview with her people in the presence of the police that this remark was made.

There are very many difficulties for both the convert and the missionary to face when a caste woman seeks baptism. Very often, too, these difficulties look like conflicting duties, and the missionary hardly knows what to advise. Indeed it is only by taking each individual case to God in prayer that light as to the next right step to be taken can be found.

I want you to see through my eyes for a few minutes. Imagine a woman coming at dusk to the missionary's home. She has a child in her arms, a bonnie boy. When she sees the missionary she whispers the reason for her coming. She has learnt about Jesus and wants to serve Him. She will leave husband and home to follow Him.

The missionary rejoices with her, but she

would not be faithful unless she pointed out difficulties likely to arise. "I am glad, Anema, that you love Jesus and want to serve Him. You are willing to give up much to follow the Christ. Have you considered well the step you propose to take? I see you wear a silk cloth and

beautiful jewels; can you give up these? Your husband will ask for them."

The inquirer hesitates, and then a smile breaks over her face. "Is not Christ more than raiment?" she asks.

"Yes, Anema, you are right; but in your arms is something more precious than jewels. Can you, ought you to give him up?"

"Oh, Anema, He will never ask that. I could not give up my child—it would be only a trouble to my husband to have a child to look after." She is urged to face this difficulty. She spends the night at the mission house.

In the morning the husband comes. He is angry. He pleads for her to return. He is angry again and asks for her jewels. She takes them off and puts them on the ground, saying, "Come and take them." Very deliberately he does so. Then going to the door says, "Come." His wife does not follow. He comes back again.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE OUGHT TO HAVE DONE?"

"Give me my son—my only son," he asks. The woman clasps the child closely to her breast, kisses him, puts him on the floor and retires. Again the husband comes into the room, takes up the child and goes slowly out, saying as he goes, "Come, come!" The mother watches them go, is startled. You can see the indecision come into her face. He is going—quickly she jumps forward, runs after him, and goes home again.

Are you surprised? What do you think she ought to have done? How much are we willing to give up for Christ? He demands more than money. What about her duty to her child and husband?

Again—a little child attends a caste girls' school. She learns to love Jesus, talks about Him at home. Her people are angry and take her away from school. She sees sometimes a Biblewoman and talks to her. She is married—years pass by. She has children, and loses many of them by death. Her husband falls sick. He cannot work—one by one her jewels go. She tells her husband of her faith in Christ, and he allows her to be a secret disciple. He gets slightly better. She takes up a little teaching in a school and tells the missionary of her hope. The husband is interviewed. He will not allow her to be baptized, and three or four bind themselves together to pray that his heart may be changed.

Twenty-two years have gone by since she was a child at school. One day she comes into the missionary's study. One glance into her face is sufficient. No need to ask what she wants. She sinks on her knees by the missionary and buries her face in her friend's dress.

"Let it be soon," she says. "God has answered our prayers—my husband and child will be baptized with me."

Twenty-two years is a long time to wait, but the result made it worth while. She now has the joy of passing on to others what she has learnt. Is this always the ideal way—to wait? It has its dangers.

Iron fetters are not so strong as caste. Some months ago a Brahmin barrister called on me. He had been educated at home. The minister of the Congregational Church he attended said of him, "He is the most Christlike man I know, and yet he does not come out for baptism. I had no idea caste could be so strong."

This young man strives to follow Christ secretly. His mother and sister have gone to stay with other relatives because they say he is a Christian except in name. When he came to me, he said:

"Perhaps you will call me a coward and say I haven't moral courage. To be baptized means leaving everything, relatives, friends, livelihood—all, and I can't." Yet I believe it has gone so deeply into his life that some day the courage to confess Christ openly, whatever it costs, will come. May it be soon.

Are none, then, free to confess Christ openly by baptism? Yes, to some the call comes. They face the difficulties, and without wronging others can break family ties. Widows belong to this class, but do not think they have all to gain and nothing to lose. I want you to look at one more case with me. She is a widow of twenty-eight years. She has no father living. There is her mother and a big family of six or seven brothers. She has a Zenana teacher and watches all Christians that she sees or hears of very closely. She early decides that there are two sorts of Christians—"Name Christians" and "Deed Christians." She wants to join the latter class. She made no secret of this. She has been a widow from childhood. Her husband died when she was an infant. Her brothers realise what a disgrace it will be if a member of their family is baptized.

Poison is given to her in some fruit. Her mother grows alarmed, sends for the missionary, and the woman is taken to hospital. From there she escapes to another Christian home. Later she has an interview with her people in the presence of the police. Could you see as vividly as I can, even to-day, the look on her face and her mother's as the mother pleads with her to return, you would know how hard a thing it is to become a Christian.

Indian women are weak, but the courage God gives surmounts all obstacles. When her mother kissed her, stroked her face, told her of her love for her, and finally, falling down, wept on her feet and kissed them and begged her to return home I wondered if, loving my dear mother as I do, I could have had strength to put Christ first. But she did, and the day she was baptized was one of great joy to us all.



REV. W. C. WILLOUGHBY

The Relation of a Heathen Man to God

Some Sacred African Intimacies

By W. C. Willoughby

of Tiger Kloof Native Institution, South Africa

“What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you.”
ACTS xvii. 23

PART I

MY first glimpse of African religion was in 1882, on the caravan route from Zanzibar to Ujiji. In a somewhat gloomy part of the forest, not far from the coast, we came upon an old clay cooking-pot, pegged down by the roadside. It was evidently placed carefully, and for a purpose. But what could the purpose be? None of our porters knew just what had happened there; but they said that something evil had occurred, that medicine had been placed there to propitiate the spirit that had caused the calamity, and that the pot had been pegged down over the medicine to protect it.

A little farther on we came to a place where two paths diverged, and here there was a heap of rubbish. Those of our porters who knew the road had provided themselves with a stone, or a stick, or a bit of rag, to lay upon the heap; and those who were taken unawares kicked up a little dust upon the heap as they passed it. Every one added something. These were offerings to propitiate the Spirit of the Forest. Such heaps are to be found all over Africa. One such heap in the northern portion of the Bechuanaland Protectorate is said to mark the spot where a traveller met with sudden death. And the adding of an offering to the heap is akin to crossing oneself in the presence of the uncanny.

Tributes to the Dead

In the villages of Central Africa we found toy huts, with little courtyards of smeared ground around them. These huts are sacred to the spirits of the dead. I remember asking a medicine-man about them. He lived near me in the Unyamwezi country and was a very real friend of mine. But for his sympathy and kindness, the long restless days of fever would have been more difficult to bear. We were walking together in the village of which he was the chief, and I noticed some spirit-huts near the path.

“What are these?” I inquired.

“Don’t you know these?” he asked. I explained that I had heard many things about them, and wanted to hear the truth from him. He took me over to the huts, and gave me permission to look into one of them. It is surely needless to say that I looked into it with as much reverence as if it were a cathedral. It was just a small model of the huts that the people lived in. It contained a wooden stool that had evidently seen much service, a clay pipe and a little tobacco, and what was apparently a little of last night’s porridge.

“This hut,” he said, “is built for the spirit of my mother; that is her favourite stool, and that her favourite pipe. When she returns to the village that she loved, she finds that she has not been forgotten.”

“But,” I asked, “do you really think that the spirit of your mother returns here, sits upon that stool, smokes that pipe, and eats that porridge?”

“Oh, no!” he replied. “That the spirit of my mother returns here often, I do not doubt; but the porridge does not disappear, nor the tobacco. When my mother lived with me, it would have pleased her to find that we had anticipated her return from the gardens or elsewhere, and had placed her stool for her and prepared her food; and we do not think that death has changed her so that she no longer cares.” He seemed very sure that his dead mother was with him still and was still sensitive to marks of filial affection.

“I Never
Laugh”

I was visiting an old chief near the sources of the Shashi River some years ago. He was a very old man—between ninety and a hundred years of age, as far as I could discover. After a long conversation with him in his hut, I asked leave to depart. And he, with the courtesy that an African never lacks (unless it has been knocked out of him by the hurry

and drive of the white man's ways), rose to escort me to the village gate. As we crossed his courtyard. I noticed an unusual structure. It was a very simple affair; but I had never before seen such a structure in a native village, and I inquired what it was for. He said it was the place where they worshipped the Spirits of their Ancestors, but that they did not talk to white men about such things, because white men laughed. "Chief," said I, "don't take me for a white man of that sort. If it is sacred to you, it is of interest to me. I never laugh at that which is sacred or helpful to another soul. Please show it to me." He said it was not then arranged for worship, but that he would have it prepared before I called on my return journey in the following week, and would then tell me all about it. He was true to his promise.

Prayers to Ancestors

The shrine was a primitive, oblong roof on poles. There were no walls of any kind, but the space beneath the roof was carefully smeared with clay and cow-dung. In the centre of the space there was a circle, with a clay rim about four inches in height. The circle contained three smooth, black pebbles from the river-bed, and a *mosimama* bush which was stuck into the ground so as to overhang them. The number of stones, the chief said, varies in the different tribes according to the number of their ancestors; but his tribe has three, and each is called by the name of one of the founders of the tribe. With the *mosimama* I had long been familiar. It is a small bush that is used as a sprinkler of holy water, in all the purification ceremonies of the Bechuana. Its very name is connected with the root of the word for "righteousness"; and I have heard native Christians say that the passage, "Purge me with hyssop," etc., should be translated "Purge me with *mosimama*," etc. But the chief said it was planted over the stone, not because of its use in the purification ceremonies, but because it was the sacred bush of his tribe; and that I should find other trees planted in the shrines of neighbouring villages. The chief explained, also, in answer to my questions, that there was nothing special about the stones, and that it would be easy to get others from the river-bed if these were lost, but that they preferred to keep the same stones and had used these for generations.

But let the chief describe the worship: "Three times a year," he said, "we worship at this shrine—at the beginning of the reaping, of the hunting, and of the ploughing

seasons. If there is an epidemic or other calamity, we may have a special service.

"The tribe assemble in the early morning—men, women, and children (but not women who have been married into the tribe); and we come to this shrine in order of precedence, each carrying a little of the finest of the meal—that which is made from the heart of the Kaffir-corn. The chief pours a small pot of Kaffir-beer over the stones just as the sun is rising, and prays to the ancestors. Then each member of the tribe throws his little offering of meal upon the stones, and says his prayer. And after all have passed, we approach the stones again in order of precedence, and each one kneels by the stones and laps up a little of the beer and meal that have been poured upon the stones, and again appeals to the spirits. Then we go home." The prayers, so the chief said, are addressed to the ancestral spirits in the third person (as Bantu prayers always are), and are simple requests for game, or rain, or protection, according to the occasion of the service. He said there is no special formula of prayer. He explained, too, in answer to my inquiries, that they knew of the Great Spirit and sometimes prayed to Him, but that it was more usual in the old days to ask their ancestors to intercede, since they were nearer to the Great Spirit than men could be. When they killed the game for which they had prayed, he said, they brought it to the shrine, and laid it upon the roof all night, sometimes allowing the blood to drip upon the sacred stones.

A Rain-making Ceremony

An old man in Khama's country gave me a description of the last great rain-making ceremony that was held in that tribe. It was a terrible time, he said. The drought had been very severe, and the season was far advanced. Previous seasons of drought had left them with but little grain in their storehouses, and famine was imminent. The usual rain-medicines had failed; and, in their extremity, they resorted to the most sacred service that they knew. A black bull was selected from the tribal herds—a perfect animal, without blemish or trace of colour. And very early in the morning they led the bull out to the grave of Mothibi, who is regarded as the founder of their tribe. He said "the whole tribe was there," but I do not take that literally. At sunrise, with the people crowding round, the bull was made to stand upon the grave, and was speared through the heart. It fell, and poured out its life-blood upon the sacred ground. The carcase was then dressed and

cooked upon the grave; and every member of the tribe took a little of the sacrificial meat, and asked the spirit of the chief not to forget his children, and to send them rain. After the sacrificial meal, the horns, hide, hoofs, and every scrap of the animal that remained uneaten were burnt with fire upon the grave. Only the ashes remained. Then the tribe chanted a prayer for rain. "And," continued my informant, "we had hardly reached home when the rain poured down—an abundance of rain!"

It would be easy to speak for hours on the religious customs of the Bantu tribes. These customs vary in detail, as the tribes do, but a general likeness prevails throughout. All through Africa, for instance, sowing and reaping are not mere secular employments; they may not be begun till the ceremonies have been performed and the chief's orders issued. Take the consecration of seed, as it is performed in Makalaka villages. The chief fixes a day for this ceremony. Early in the morning, each woman who owns a garden makes her way to the chief's place carrying her basket of seed. The chief's medicine-man has already consecrated some seed, by methods that it is his business to know. The chief places a handful of consecrated seed in the woman's basket, and she mixes it with the seed that she has brought from home. In some tribes the hoe is also consecrated to its season's work; in some tribes, indeed, the hoe is almost sacred, and to strike a dog with it would be sacrilege. The woman proceeds from the chief's courtyard direct to her garden; hoes up a little patch of ground, and sows it with the newly consecrated seed from her basket. Then she returns to her home, never lifting her eyes from the ground or letting her teeth be seen—an expression which I take to mean that she must walk demurely, as becomes one engaged in religious work.

"The Biting of the Year"

Very elaborate and interesting ceremonies are connected, also, with the beginning of harvest—"the biting of the year," as they call it. No respectable person will eat of the new crop till this ceremony has been performed; and in Bechuanaland the ceremony must be performed with great regard for the order of precedence, not only among the members of the tribe, but even among the tribes in a closely related group.

All fires are extinguished throughout the village. A new fire is laid with ceremonial care in the place of assembly, and kindled by means of the ancient fire-sticks. Brands from this fire are taken to the courtyards

of the members of the tribe in strict order of precedence, and with them new fires are everywhere kindled. It is the great social service of the year—a service that lays stress upon family relationships, especially the relationship of husband and wife.

But some object to the word "consecration" in this connection; they urge that it would be more correct to speak of "magic" and "charms." My friends, one race will never understand another by exaggerating its peculiarities. Antipathy and sarcasm are not roads that will lead you to the heart of another man; the road there is called sympathy. And the fact that they have an African colour is no reason why I should think of them as pitiable superstitions. Let him blaspheme who will. I am quite sure that my Master has not sent me to call down fire from heaven on Samaritan cities—no, not even to scorch them with a sarcastic phrase.

The Small Girl's Doll

You remember the time when that grown-up daughter of yours was a small girl in the nursery, and lavished a great wealth of nascent maternal affection upon a bundle of rags with a ridiculous wooden face? How she washed it, and fed it, and nursed it, and kissed it, and rocked it to sleep! Did you blame her for that? Did you call it tomfoolery? Not you! I rather think you were the very person who bought her another doll, a little less ridiculous in appearance, and who were amused rather than troubled when she still preferred the familiar antique. You said: "It will not always be the doll; but it will always be the mother-heart!" And now when you look upon your little grandson in his mother's arms, you know why he was preceded by the doll. "A little child shall lead them." Why not let the soft little hand, that even now closes round your finger in a moment of reverie, lead you where God intended it to lead you—into the clearer understanding of the Great Father's heart?

Here, in Africa, we find the worn-out ritual of an ancient faith; not pitiable superstition. It is an encouraging sign of the possession of a spiritual sense. It is proof that the African is aware of a spiritual world. It is a prophecy of the devotion that shall, in riper manhood, be lavished upon the Living Christ. I am not offended at its infantile form, for I see that the forms must be infantile when the race is in its spiritual childhood. The years of juvenility will pass away, and it is ours to wait and to work for the maturity that is coming.

(To be continued)

A Home Office Mail in Time of War

THE morning post goes far to make or mar the working day. It is never without its excitements and interests. The unexpected is continually happening. An exceptionally stirring criticism or complaint or an unforeseen and welcome gift are equally possible, so that to the last letter the sense of expectancy is kept alive. No morning mail fails to reveal some jewel of encouragement and very few withhold some thorn of discipline. The Providence which watches over the mail bag is very even-handed in its dispensation.

THE morning under review was a *very* fine morning—that is, from the office point of view. What was the state of the weather is forgotten; when the interests of the L.M.S. are at stake the sun takes a secondary place. The sun can be relied upon (generally); the income of the L.M.S. is not yet as certain as the sunrise, and affects the spirits more. The news of a substantial legacy is an effective brightener of the day. Friends who desire their light to shine before men when they have themselves passed into the realm where “there is no darkness at all” will please make a note of this.

THERE was no legacy news on this particular morning, but seven letters were opened containing small gifts to the Society from very differing people in the “hope that the Society is not being adversely affected by the war.” All these amounts were small, but the sense of devotion to the cause of the Kingdom which they conveyed was overwhelmingly great. One of our well-known theological professors sent his special gift “in addition to my usual subscription”—a fine piece of practical Christian apologetic.

HERE is a letter from a large L.M.S. Auxiliary centre in the Midlands. It states that “you will be glad that in spite of the stress of war we have increased our anniversary collections by seven pounds.” On the other side a letter from the West regretfully informs us that the usual date cannot be observed for anniversary services on account of pressing financial difficulties, but that it is hoped to do something early next year. The secretary of a ladies’ working party regrets, too, that they cannot look forward to holding the usual sale of work,

but in place thereof they are intending to observe a “gift” day, and hope thereby to assist the funds.

FROM South Africa comes a donation to the Deficiency Fund; from Madagascar a subscription to the Widows’ and Orphans’ Fund of the Society; from a student in one of our colleges a request for an interview with the prospect of missionary service in future years; from an anonymous lady a gift, enclosed with a prayer, in the hope that the prayer may be used by others. Here it is:

“O God, who art Peace everlasting, whose chosen reward is the gift of Peace, and who hast taught us that Peacemakers are Thine own children; pour Thy Peace into our souls that everything discordant may utterly vanish, and all that makes for peace be sweet to us for ever. Amen.”

SCOTLAND opens a door of sacrifice to us in a letter from the leader of a Bible class whose members have decided to give up their usual prizes and to devote the proceeds to the funds of the L.M.S. Enclosed is £1 8s. Also from Scotland comes the news that an anonymous donor of £40, who subscribed himself “Motor Cycle,” is one who has made a special act of self-denial the means of helping the Society to which he is devoted.

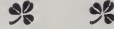
“OUR mite boxes have this half-year brought in £7 13s. They have been a great success. Please send me a dozen more.” This from the South Coast, from the secretary of a well-organised Sunday school, showing the way to many others whose fields are yet unworked. “Can you recommend me anything which will help to interest my children in missions? They won’t read ordinary books.” The suggestion goes, of course, that this teacher shall read “Yarns” and tell them to the children in his own way. We can promise success if the teacher does his part, both for teacher and taught.

“WE are having so many special collections just now, that I cannot possibly recommend my people to observe the L.M.S. Hospital Week this year,” writes the pastor of a struggling church. His heart is with us, we know that, and we are well assured

that before the year has gone he will have found a place for Hospital Week, in spite of forebodings. For here in the Mission House we too have our fears and doubts and we can sympathise; but God has opened wonderful ways to us as we have pressed onward, and we are confident that He will do it for our churches too.

SO passing in review our opened mail, remembering what its lessons are, taking count of its disappointments, as well as of its grateful surprises, its grumbles and its welcome messages of appreciation, we can thank God and sum the lesson of it all up in the courageous words of old: "I will trust and not be afraid."

N. B.



To Nurses

THE Society is in immediate need of offers of service from fully trained nurses for posts in important hospitals abroad. Three hospitals in China and one in India have long been awaiting nursing help, and their usefulness is hampered and their work incomplete until this service is forthcoming.

We believe that within our large con-

stituency there must be many qualified nurses, young in years, sound in body, and keen of soul, to whom the call to active service for Christ and their suffering fellows will make its convincing appeal. Correspondence is invited, and should be addressed to the Home Secretary, Rev. Nelson Bitton, L.M.S., 16, New Bridge Street, E.C.



A Child's Fingers and an Expert's Brain

THE busy brain and busy fingers of a child are ever exploring new regions of experience: building up impressions into the structure of knowledge. We want those brains and fingers to become familiar with the incidents of our mission fields, and an attempt will be made in the *News from Afar* ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. monthly) during 1915 to provide well-ordered ways of achieving this result.

Dr. Thiselton Mark, who is Professor of Psychology at Manchester University, and is the author of "The Teacher and the Child," "The Unfolding of Personality," "Modern Education," etc., and has at heart the application of the best educational method to the presentation of the foreign missionary enterprise to the mind of the child, is well known as an expert in methods of teaching. He is arranging an exhibit of such methods and the materials used in them at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London,

E.C. This exhibit will be of immense interest to teachers, who will, no doubt, have an opportunity of inspecting it.

In connection with Dr. Mark's work an opportunity has occurred to introduce some forms of missionary lessons, and it is proposed to devote some pages of *News from Afar* next year to incidents or stories with an example of model-making connected with each story. Thus there will be a Chinese picture in which will appear a Chinese umbrella. At the end of the story there will be given directions and drawings necessary for making a very simple model of the umbrella. It is hoped by these means to stimulate the interest of young children in missionary lessons. As it is necessary for the children themselves to have the model-making directions, the articles will appear in *News from Afar*, and not in THE CHRONICLE.

Dr. Thiselton Mark will conduct a conference on Wednesday, December 9, at 6 p.m. in the Board Room of the London Missionary Society, 16, New Bridge Street, E.C., on "Patriotism: the Child and the Kingdom of God," to initiate a united London campaign of educational work among young people.

Brotherhood by Blood in Madagascar*

By
G. A. Shaw



THE BINDING COVENANT OF BROTHERHOOD

ONE of the curious ancient ceremonies and at the same time one of the most universal customs among the various tribes in Madagascar is the *Fâto-dra*, bound by blood, or *mifam'iki-ra*, mutually breaking blood, as it is designated in some tribes. By its men of different tribes, however distant, are bound together in what may be called a brotherhood by blood. It constitutes a bond which is seldom broken, and forms a species of Freemasonry among the Malagasy.

Foreigners can be admitted into this close relationship with native chiefs, if they are willing to perform the ceremony. In cases where the foreigner is unknown or not entirely trusted, but at the same time desires, for the furtherance of his own ends, to ingratiate himself with a great chief and to seek his protection, he has been willing to make the covenant in the prescribed form, a lasting bond of union has been established, and the foreigner may always rely upon the help and assistance of his powerful brother by blood.

I believe that Grandidier, the celebrated French naturalist, submitted to the ordeal with one of the chiefs in the almost unknown

southern part of the island, when he sought permission to explore and collect in the chief's domains. Also Count de Benyowski, who was in 1776 accepted as King of the Betsimisaraka, gained his influence over the east coast by becoming brother by blood of the ruling chiefs. Several traders and naturalists have considered it a safeguard and an assistance in their occupations to undergo the ordeal.

The method differs slightly in different tribes, but the invocations, curses, and oaths are practically identical in all parts of the island.

I was urgently pressed by Ratsiandraofana, the paramount chief of Ikongo in the southern Tanala tribe, to *mifam'iki-ra* with him. It might have smoothed my way to the introduction of teachers to his tribe, seeing that I was the first foreigner who had been allowed to enter their country. But I positively declined on the ground that an Englishman's word was his bond, and when I said I was his friend, that was as binding on me as any oath, and I had no ulterior object in visiting him.

The manner of performing this ancient rite among these people is curious. A *sahâfa*, or

* Further particulars of this custom will be found in "A Naturalist in Madagascar," by Dr. Sibree, which will be published next spring by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.

wooden rice-winnowing dish, is procured, in which are placed water, grass, locusts with the heads taken off, and earth. These are mixed together and a hollow is made in the centre of the mixture. Then each contracting party bares his chest, from which, just over the heart, a small piece of flesh is taken. These are laid side by side in the hollow just mentioned, and a spear is stood upright in the mass, grasped by one hand of each party, while each repeats a certain formula expressive of his desire for eternal friendship; after which each eats the piece of flesh taken from the other amid the noise of shouting and drums.

In other tribes instead of the pieces of flesh of the contracting parties, a few drops of blood taken from over the heart of each are mixed with the other ingredients and each drinks some of the mixture. In some tribes the covenant is made by each sucking some blood from an incision made in the chest of the other. And yet another variant is the substitution of the blood of an ox slaughtered for the ceremony in place of the human blood.

The materials mixed in the *sahàfa* appear to have had a symbolic meaning, but this has been lost in some tribes, and the principal and only reliable features of the ceremony consist in the oaths taken, and the curses and maledictions called down upon the head of the one who violates his oath.

In Imerina, for instance, the ingredients are "seven roots of grass, a grasshopper with its neck twisted, water from a spring drying up, an old bone, and a single gun. These are placed in a rice-winnower, together with a spear without the lower blade. The seven roots of grass are brought to show that, if the parties to the covenant do not observe its terms, the sevenfold death will overtake them. The grasshopper with twisted neck

is brought as a warning that, if the covenant is not observed, their necks will be twisted so that they cannot see what is before them. The water from the drying-up spring is brought to warn them that, if they do not keep friendship, their lives will dry up in a similar way. The old bone is brought to show that, if they do not continue friends, may their bones be scattered with none to bury them. The single gun is brought as a sign that, if they do not continue friendly, then may they be killed by a gun in war; while as to their corpses, 'Devour them, O hawks and all birds, that they may not come to the home of their fathers.' And the spear without its foot is brought to show that, if they do not preserve this friendship and relationship, then may they be killed by this spear in the hand; and if they do not die by the hands of others, may they die by their own hands whether going north or south, east or west." *

In the *Journal Officiel d Madagascar* for May 1897, M. Lemaire, the French resident at Fort Dauphin, describes the ceremony through which he went in making the blood covenant with the principal chief of Màmambàva. In this case no mention is made of blood, either human or of an ox, being placed in the *sahàfa*, although stress is laid upon the proper administration of the oaths.

As I was able by patience and a little tact to make Ratsiandràofana realise my friendship and induce him to allow all I wished, which, even against his first expressed determination that Christianity should not be introduced into his country, ended in his permission to teach and preach as I pleased, so I believe that no foreigner, if his motives were pure, need ever have passed through this curious but repulsive ceremony

* From a native account given by Rev. W. E. Cousins.



OUR FLEET OF PEACE

The maintenance of our Fleet of Peace should be made a matter of special concern at this time of many appeals. The New Year's Offering, which is given yearly by the young people in the churches supporting the Society, is used for the upkeep of the s.s. *John Williams* and the other boats in Polynesia and elsewhere, which are indispensable in the work of our missionaries. Last year the Fund amounted to £6,552, which was £373 more than the year before. It would be a splendid memory for our young collectors, if they were able to record a further substantial increase in spite of the War. Cards, Boxes, and Literature can be supplied at once by the Editorial Secretary, 16, New Bridge Street, E.C. The Gift Book for those collecting 5/- and upwards will be "John Williams the Shipbuilder," by Basil Mathews. It is to be uniform with "Livingstone the Pathfinder," and fully illustrated by Ernest Prater.

New War-time Literature

LORD BRYCE, in tones revealing that he was moved to more than ordinary depths, said, at a gathering of laymen the other day:

"The war has stirred in the depths of our minds and hearts, thoughts which often either do not arise or arising are swept aside by our daily preoccupations. We are asking ourselves, in a way in which some of us have never asked ourselves before, 'What do we believe?' 'What are we here for as a nation?'"

It is already clear that many thousands of our people are deeply moved by this same need. Pastor, layman, workers among young people in every grade—we look for a lead and desire to thrash out together the central things that remain.

For guidance in this quest a splendid body of suggestive and helpful literature is already prepared. We have issued outlines for six talks on "War and the Task of the Church" for the use of Study Circles and groups who desire to discuss informally, but wish to follow a coherent line of thought.

For professional and business men, a slightly different angle of vision has been taken by similar outlines prepared by the National Laymen's Missionary Movement, called "The War and After." Similarly the United Council for Missionary Education has produced other outlines, called "War and the Kingdom of God." In all these three cases helps for leaders of circles and groups are provided.

Dr. Wardlaw Thompson has written a most inspiring and strengthening pamphlet, "Missions and the Strain of War," covering the lessons of history in the most illuminating way. The religious, moral, devotional, and other issues of the war are being faced in a most striking series of "Papers for War Time" issued by a group of men and women from the Anglican and Free Churches (of which group two of our secretaries are members) under the general editorship of the Rev. William Temple. The whole series is full of real and immediate value. Those who desire to test the value first should get three of them—Temple's "Christianity and the War," Bevan's "Brothers All" (a study of the race problem), and Oldham's "The Decisive Hour. Is it Lost?"

The pain which many of us have felt in the utter absorption of children in games of "shooting Oohlans," and so on, will make many leap to the opportunity of using three talks on "Patriots of the Kingdom," written

by Miss Dorothy Ackland, M.A., and Miss M. S. McKerrow, with an introduction by Mr. Basil Mathews. These talks start from heroism of the present war and lead on to the thought of the higher patriotism as illustrated in such lives as those of Livingstone, Wilberforce, and others.

Lord Bryce, at a meeting of laymen of distinction and leading, at which Dr. Mott also spoke on Tuesday, November 10, declared in face of the war that "only by the application of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ could the world make progress."

He vigorously called for an application of that Gospel, first, to mitigate the spirit of hatred which has risen so high; secondly, to lead every Christian man in England to an examination of his own thought and conduct and the extent to which it represents the spirit which after nineteen centuries of Christian teaching makes war still possible, and to ask how those principles can be applied to the life of a nation; and third, to approach the task of settlement after the war is over in no spirit of hatred or revenge or desire to break down any nation, but simply to abolish a system incompatible with the maintenance of peace and progress.

"From this world point of view," says Lord Bryce, "then there should be no slackening in our maintenance of missionary progress. Just because it must inevitably be difficult for the missionary to explain to the intelligent convert in the field the reasons why Christian nations in the West are at war, we ought to try more than ever to support missionary enterprise, in the conviction that nothing but Christianity can secure the world's peace. The more we can work together (without lines of denominational cleavage between us) for the furtherance of missionary work, the more likely will that work be to flourish and so secure the progress of the Kingdom of God throughout the world."

Lord Bryce with a number of other laymen has sent out an open letter to laymen of the Christian Church, the contents of which will, we hope, be read and closely weighed by all our leaders.

Missions and the Strain of War. By Dr. R. Wardlaw Thompson. 1d. net, 1½d. post free.

Three Talks on "Patriots of the Kingdom." (For teachers and leaders of boys and

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We sit amid the ruins of our vaunted civilisation, and think with sorrow of the Corner Stone which was rejected.

G. E. DARLASTON.



Magazines for the Front

SINCE the war began, very few periodicals have been offered for missionaries. May I suggest that the war has not affected their needs at all, and I shall be very grateful if friends will send me offers of magazines and papers. I can supply the addresses of many who are needing them. It is possible to find "billets" for periodicals of almost all kinds.

Please address letters to Miss F. Williams, 27, Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol.



Missionary Exhibition

AN excellent suggestion has been made for those who are hesitating about launching out into a missionary exhibition in the uncertainty of the present days. It is that churches should have early in 1915 a very small exhibition—perhaps only two courts representing one country. The expense would be very small, and the experience gained would be most valuable when the inevitable larger exhibition came later.

Under the Red Cross

DR. T. T. Thomson, of the Hospital, Jammalamadugu (South India), has left for Belgium, where he will be serving under the British Red Cross in the First Anglo-Belgian Ambulance Corps. This makes the third doctor from the Society's staff who has placed his services at the disposal of the country, the others being Drs. Bragg and Stenhouse.

Dr. Thomson, who is near Dunkirk, writes, "We are dressing hundreds of wounded brought in to the goods sheds before they are sent on by ships to Cherbourg or admitted to the hospitals here."



THE Rev. Robert Veitch, who is relinquishing his pastorate of London Road Church, Leicester, from the beginning of December, is undertaking larger work as secretary of his County Union and in other ways, leaving his week-ends free. Mr. Veitch is ready to conduct short week-end missions, say from Saturday to Monday or Tuesday, which would deal with the world enterprise of the Gospel on its missionary side.

The Layman in War Time

By Lord Bryce
and other Leaders

An Open Letter to Laymen of the Christian Church

THE following open letter to Laymen of the Christian Church is being issued; it bears the signatures of the following well-known leading men amongst others:

LORD BRYCE (late British Ambassador to the United States).

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

SIR ALBERT SPICER, Bart.

SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER (late Lieut.-Governor, Bengal).

SIR ROBERT LAIDLAW.

SIR JOHN D. McCLURE.

THE RIGHT HON. T. R. FERENS, M.P.

MR. T. F. VICTOR BUXTON.

LORD LAMINGTON (late Governor of Bombay).

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ERNEST SATOW.

MR. NATHANIEL MICKLEM, K.C.

MR. ARNOLD S. ROWNTREE.

DR. EUGENE STOCK.

MR. C. A. FLINT.

MR. ROBERT WHYTE.

MR. W. H. SOMERVELL.

We, who write this letter, are laymen, members of different sections of the Church of Christ. Our relationships to the missionary enterprise vary in degree and in kind, but we are one in feeling the supreme importance, at this grave time, of maintaining and of carrying forward the spiritual work of the Church of Christ, and particularly its missionary work in foreign lands.

We clearly perceive the imperative demands which are being made upon every English home. We are seeing to-day how the need of our country, and the consciousness that we are engaged in a struggle for high ideals, is calling forth a spirit of sacrifice and devotion in all corners of our Empire such as none of us has ever known before. With this spirit moving in our midst, it is no time to turn aside from the permanent duties and obligations which are less vividly brought to our attention. We should be false to our country's highest interest, and should bring lasting shame upon our national Christianity, if we allowed the redeeming work of the Church of Christ for the nations

of the world to be hindered or crippled for lack of our allegiance and support.

What we need is that no lesser sacrifices should be made in the interests of the Kingdom of God. If the curtailment of luxuries and comforts which many gladly impose upon themselves in order to help their country could be continued when the war is over, in order to enable us better to fight the world-wide campaign against evil, if the offering of life for our country could infect our young people to such an extent that there would be a great national movement of enlistment under the banner of Christ, might not our own eyes see the dawn of a new day in missionary history?

The supreme task of the Church is reconciliation. At a time when war is abroad throughout the world there is a paramount necessity upon Christian men to extend and to establish the world-wide Kingdom of God, which is the only sure foundation of peace.

The present position of the work in the great mission fields is startling indeed. After long years of patient labour a period has been reached, fruitful beyond all expectation, of missionary success and opportunity. The tides which are moving in the East will wait for no man, and not even the absorbing claims of the great War can absolve the Church from its responsibility for giving the Gospel to the non-Christian peoples in this momentous hour in their long history.

In face of the stress and pressure and unknown anxieties of the coming months, it seems plain that unless Christian laymen will shoulder the burden there may ensue grave disaster to the enterprise.

We therefore desire to call the laymen of the churches into this the Church's highest service, inviting them to rally closely round their missionary societies at this time, to find out their needs, and to see that these are met. Thus to strengthen the things that are most spiritual and unselfish, and therefore most vital in the life of our people, is an act of the truest patriotism. The measure of England's greatness is the service she can render to the world, and no service is greater than the quickening of the faith and ideals by which a people lives.

Forty-five Years in Amoy

Death of Rev. James Sadler

THE news has been received by cablegram of the death of the Rev. James Sadler, which took place at Amoy on Saturday, October 17. Mr. Sadler has rendered to the Society faithful and devoted service as a missionary at Amoy for forty-five years. He retired from the Society's active staff in 1911, but early in the present year he returned there as a retired missionary in order to carry on unofficially his work amongst the Chinese, in whose service he had given himself so unsparingly for so long a period. In the early autumn news was received of his serious illness. For several weeks he was nursed with great devotion by members of the missionary staff in Amoy, but he had not strength sufficient to rally, and he passed away on October 17.

Mr. Sadler was born at Wallingford in 1842, and was educated for the ministry at Bedford and Highgate. In 1866 he was ordained at Park Chapel, Crouch End, and about the same time he married Martha Ann Gilbert, a member of the church there. Mr. and Mrs. Sadler left England in August 1866, and travelling via Shanghai arrived in Amoy by the beginning of 1867, when commenced his long missionary career in that centre. Mrs. Sadler for the ensuing thirteen years devoted herself to work amongst women in Amoy, but in 1880 was compelled to return to England owing to a breakdown in her health, and was never able to return to the mission field. For the next thirty-one years Mr. Sadler carried on his work in Amoy alone. In 1911 Mr. Sadler retired and reached England only a few days before his wife's death.

During his long years of service in Amoy Mr. Sadler gave himself unreservedly to the task of evangelistic work in the head station and in the surrounding districts, and, especially in the early part of his career, he itinerated in the southern part of the Fuhkien province, and did much for the starting and building-up of country churches which are now so important a factor in the Amoy mission. But his activities were by no means confined to

direct missionary work. He was deeply interested in literary and social questions, and did much translation work, and never spared himself in any effort for the uplifting of the Chinese, and he was greatly loved and trusted by them. If one of the supreme tests of success in missionary work is the degree to which the missionary gains the affection of those amongst whom he works, Mr. Sadler would take a very high place as a missionary. He was greatly esteemed by his colleagues for his



THE LATE REV. JAMES SADLER

work's sake, and for the sake of his own personal character and fine Christian spirit. The present writer well remembers a remark made by Mr. Sadler on the sea-front at Amoy with regard to one of his colleagues, now unfortunately laid aside by serious illness—"She is a living embodiment of 1 Cor. 13." There are many Chinese who would make the same observation with regard to Mr. Sadler himself. There could be no doubt that it was a satisfaction to him in his last hours to know that he was to die and be laid to rest in the place where he had served his Master so long and so faithfully, and in the midst of the Chinese he loved so well.

F. H. H.

The Malagasy Martyrs

Completion of Memorials

By
James Sibree,
D.D.

IN THE CHRONICLE for May 1912 I gave an account of the erection of a monument in the Memorial Church of Ambatonakanga, in the city of Antananarivo, in memory of the Malagasy Christians who were imprisoned in the native chapel on that spot, and thence taken to be put to death in other parts of the city. We owe this monument to the kindness of our friend Mr. Sidney J. W. Clark, who also suggested that when it was completed I should have a photograph of it reproduced in THE CHRONICLE, together with an appeal for help to erect similar monuments in the other three Memorial Churches. I followed Mr. Clark's advice, and very soon I had responses to my appeal, for Mrs. Mellor, of Lancaster, sent me the money for the one in the Ambohipotsy Church, and of this a view appeared in THE CHRONICLE for May 1913. A lady at Bradford sent money for the third, and that has been erected in the Ampamarihana Church; and Mr. J. A. Cornish, of Bridgewater, sent the amount necessary for the fourth one, that in the Faravohitra Church, which is also finished. I felt much satisfaction that in this, my last period of service in Madagascar, there was now, in each of the four Memorial Churches, a permanent testimony to show to succeeding generations why they were built, and by whom, and also giving the names of the brave Malagasy who sealed their faith with their blood.

A month or two after getting Mr. Cornish's help I had another promise of £10 from Mr. F. Meadowcroft, of Wellington, New Zealand. But what was I to do with this,

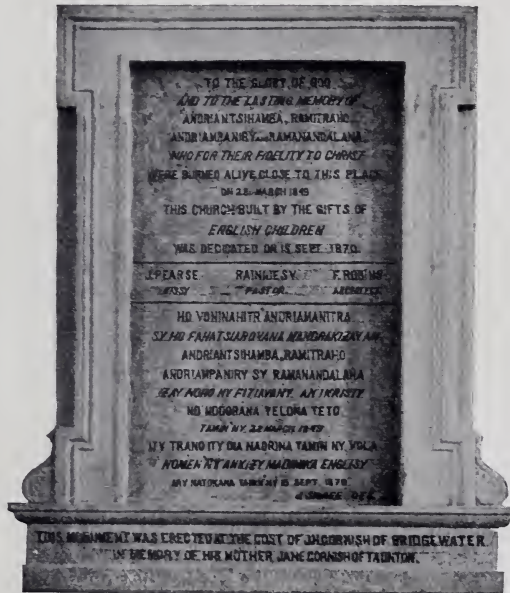
since the money for the four churches was already given? It immediately occurred to me that it might be applied to the erection of a monument commemorating the first four missionaries to this island, who did the pioneer work here between 1820 and 1836, and also to Mr. Ellis, who visited the Malagasy in the persecution, and recommenced mission work in Madagascar in 1862. Mr. Meadowcroft very readily agreed to my

proposal, and a memorial to these five good men has now been erected in the Ambatonakanga Church.

On Monday afternoon, June 1, a dedicatory service was held in that church, which was filled with a large congregation. I delivered the principal address, in which I gave an account of the steps taken to erect these memorials, especially this last and fifth monument. I then gave personal recollections of several of these early missionaries, whom I had seen in

my young days. I was able to show portraits of these first missionaries, as well as pictures of the two first native churches here, and also exhibited several of the books they had written. Much interest, I believe, was excited by this service, and it was pleasant to have the presence of Bishop King, and of members of the French, the Norwegian, and the Friends' missions, who also took part in the proceedings.

I will only add that the hearty thanks of the great meeting were given to those friends whose generous gifts have enabled me to accomplish what I have for many years felt should be done, viz. preserve in a lasting fashion the names of those faithful men and women whose fidelity to conscience and to Christ laid the foundation of the Malagasy Church.



PART OF THE MEMORIAL IN THE FARAVOHITRA CHURCH

Watchers' Band Notes

MY DEAR FELLOW SECRETARIES,
We hope to send out the renewals and literature for 1915 early in the New Year, so will those secretaries who have not yet sent in returns for this year kindly do so at once that we may know for exactly how many members New Year's literature is required. I have already received the names of several secretaries who are serving their country at this time, and have heard from others whose sons are in our new army. It will give them all courage and strength to know that they are not forgotten by their fellow-Watchers.

I have been so glad to hear that these young soldiers of Christ meet only with respect and consideration from their comrades, when from the first they kneel in prayer and are not ashamed to show their colours.

While Christmas will hold much sadness for many this year, we know that its message of peace and goodwill abides. Let us therefore pray that into many a darkened home and to many a sorrowing heart may come the healing balm and consolation brought by the knowledge of the Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

With sincere wishes and prayers for a blessed and peaceful Christmas,

I am,

Yours very truly,

F. E. REEVE.



The Congregational Insurance Co., Ltd.

THE Directors of this well-known Insurance Company have again made and paid a grant of £100 from their income to the L.M.S., the receipt of which is gratefully acknowledged. The Company has recently made a number of similar grants to other bodies, the aggregate being £1,000 for this year.



Prayer Meetings

THE Rev. H. P. Young, Chairman of the London Congregational Union, will conduct the Monthly Prayer Meeting in the

Board Room on Monday, December 7, at 6 p.m.

A Prayer Meeting for Women will be held at the Mission House on Wednesday, December 16, at 3.30 p.m.



Wants

WE are very grateful to the friends who have sent parcels of dolls and garments—always welcome and much-needed gifts in the mission field—and to all those who, in this time of needle strain, are making it possible to start or continue working meetings of adults or of children, to prepare articles for sale, or to send abroad.

Will all such helpers kindly remember that we are obliged to ask them to *defray all costs* of sending the parcel to the mission field, and that it is best to send direct by parcel post. Every parcel, however sent, must bear the name and address of the sender.

The Misses Wilshaw (78, Windsor Road, Forest Gate, E.) will be glad to give any information, and give names of missionaries and lists of articles. A revised Wants pamphlet is now ready, and will be sent on application.

Rev. J. A. Ross, of Kambole, has been able to secure a pair of wooden legs for Kalolo the cripple, at a very reduced price; the cost of purchase and conveyance to Africa is about £1. If any friends interested in Kalolo will help to meet this cost, Mr. Ross will be very grateful.

CLARA BENHAM.



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Arrivals

MISS B. A. BLANCHARD from NEVOOR, S. INDIA, October 16.
REV. W. J. HATCH from COIMBATORE, S. INDIA, November 2.

Births

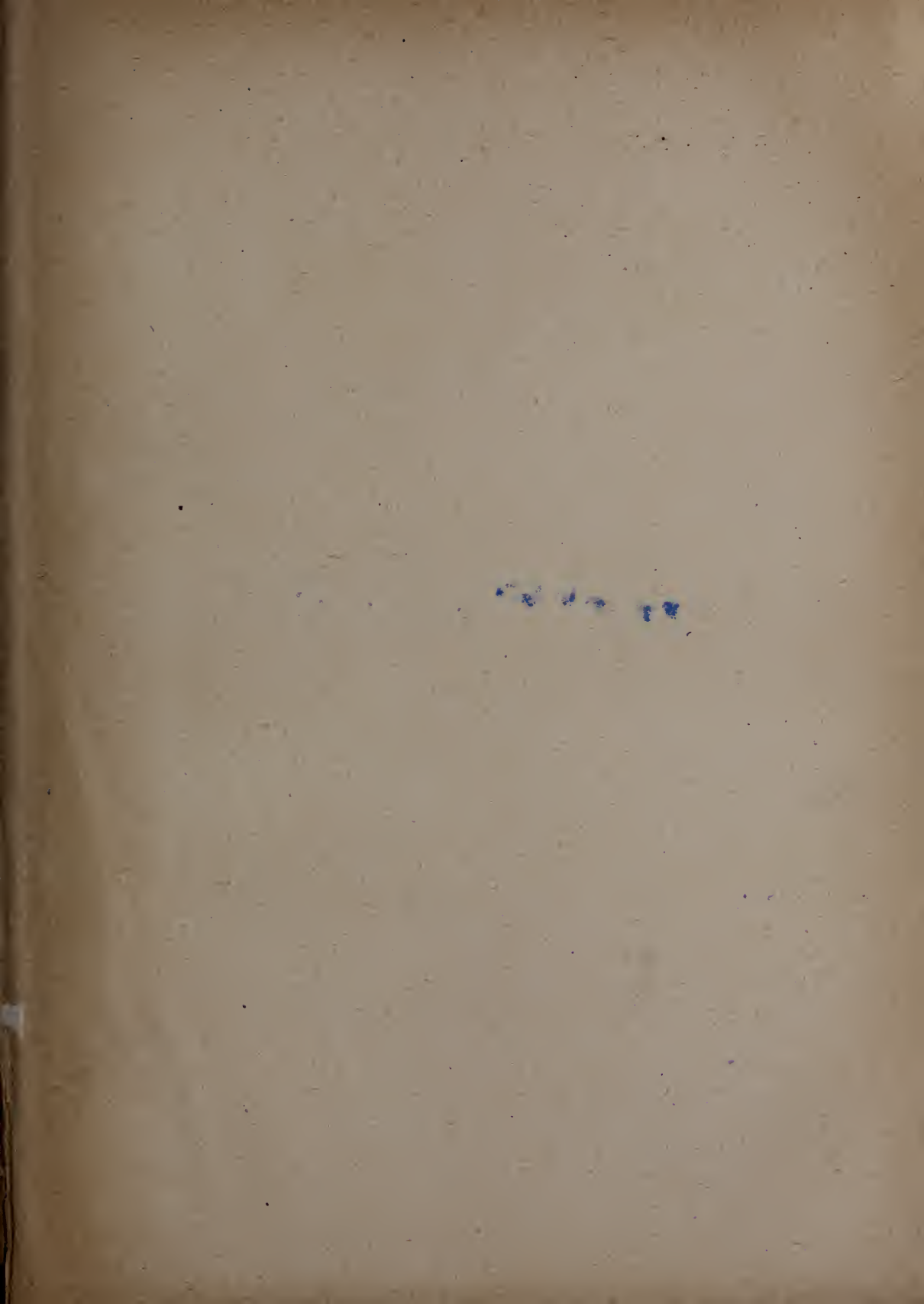
WITNEY.—On September 5, at Madras, to the Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Witney—a son (Alan Haward).
GRANT.—On November 5, at Benares, the wife of the Rev. John Grant, of a son.

Marriage

RICHARD—TRIBE.—On August 26, at the British Consulate, Yokohama, the Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., to Ethel Newton Tribe, M.D., late of the London Missionary Society (Amoy and Shanghai, 1895-1912).

Deaths

COOPER.—On September 13, at Epsom, Auckland, N.Z., Blanche Clara Cooper, widow of the Rev. E. V. Cooper, of the London Missionary Society, Samoa.
SADLER.—On October 18, at Amoy, the Rev. James Sadler, for forty-five years a missionary of the L.M.S. at Amoy, aged 72.



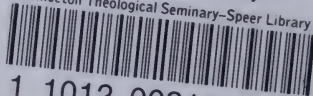
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